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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Philosophical and Statistical History of the Inventions and Customs of Ancient and Modern Nations in the Manufacture and Use of Inebriating Liquors; with the present Practice of Distillation in all its Varieties, &c. &c. of Opium and other Eastern Stimulants. By Samuel Morewood, Esq., Collector of Excise. 8vo. pp. 745. Dublin, 1838. Carry, jun. and Co.; Carson: London, Longman and Co.: Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.

This is, we observe, an enlarged and amended edition of a work published fourteen years ago; since which time Temperance and Tee-total Associations have sprung up in the land. If people will make themselves acquainted with its contents, and they are really well worth knowing, they will learn how many ways there are of evicting a companionship with the cold water or the hot tea systems. Tippling, it appears, has been universal since the creation.

"When man was driven from that peaceful asylum originally assigned to him by his Creator, and condemned to earn his bread by the labour of his hands, his attention was, no doubt, powerfully exerted in procuring the necessities of life; such as food, clothing, and habitation. As a cultivator of the earth, he must have been constantly employed, and, as his occupation varied with the varying seasons, his mind was continually exercised in contrivances to diminish and sweeten his toil. His activity, when thus excited, soon extended its influence to every department of life, and having procured its necessities, he was no doubt early led to the exercise of his ingenuity in the attainment of its luxuries. Among these, the preservation of fruit and their juices, however rudely practised, might have led to the use of inebriating drink; a beverage which, as will hereafter be shewn, has been discovered by some of the most savage nations, and deemed a luxury by the almost universal testimony of mankind."

And when introduced among the ignorant creatures in a superior form, when rum and whisky have superseded their crude efforts at fermentation and distillation, and civilisation and Christianity have gone hand in hand with the trade in spirits; have they not shewn their devotion to the latter, even to the extinction of whole tribes and the general depopulation of inhabited regions? Our author supposes that as Adam and Cain were tillers of the ground, and the arts were in an advanced state, they might have been acquainted with inebriating liquors; but he is not quite certain of the fact. If he were, he would, in honour of his subject, endeavour to shew that Cain's fratricide was committed in a fit of drunkenness; but, be that as it may, he tells us:

"Noah, it appears from Genesis ix. 21, became drunk with the produce of his own vineyard: and as it is reasonable to suppose he was well acquainted with all the discoveries of his progenitors, and their different methods of cultivating the ground, we may infer from this circumstance, that the cultivation of the vine was practised in the antediluvian world, and the intoxicating quality of the grape fully experienced."

We know that one of the mythological names of Neptune was *Enopion*, or the wine-drinker; and, *certainly*, the title is as justly due to Master Noah, were it only for the presumption here expressed in his favour of being the first drunk man, though our Collector of Excise argues that there might have been antediluvian and other gentlemen drunk before him. He says—

"It is admitted that the mere juice of the grape has no inebriating quality, and that to produce intoxication it must undergo a certain degree of fermentation; but as the ripe juice possesses in itself all the principles essential to such a change, it would very soon ferment, particularly in warm climates, so that the period would be but short between its mild and intoxicating state. The juice of the grape, which is usually called *must*, is known to ferment of itself at a heat of about 70°, and hence wine must have been early known, particularly in hot climates where drink is so much required to allay thirst: a further proof that the vinous fermentation was familiar long anterior to the deluge. Carrying this idea still further towards the creation, Milton seems to have entertained the opinion, that the fruit of which our first parents had eaten,

— Whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,
was of an intoxicating nature, when he says,

'Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had played, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled.'

The Rabbins, or Jewish doctors, were of the same belief; the vine being considered by them as the tree so strictly prohibited by the Almighty. Doctor Lightfoot and many eminent theologians were impressed with the like opinion; but all conjectures on this subject, however respectably supported, are unsatisfactory, obscured as it is by the lapse of ages and the silence of the grave. It is worthy of remark, that these opinions of the learned are in coincidence with the oral tradition of different nations. In the island of Madagascar, the prevailing notion of the natives is a striking illustration. They believe that the four rivers of paradise consisted of milk, wine, honey, and oil; and that Adam, who required no sustenance, having drunk of the wine and tasted of the fruits, contrary to the command of God, was driven from the garden, and subjected to the punishments which were thus entailed upon him and his posterity."

Notwithstanding this theory, however, Mr. Morewood returns to and sticks by Noah, as an irrefragable and absolute certainty.

"Noah (he resumes), it *must* (what, a pun?) *must* be admitted, is certainly the first on record who planted a vineyard, and experienced the inebriating quality of the grape. The honour of this discovery the pagans afterwards attributed to Bacchus, whom they worshipped as the sensual encourager of feast and jollity; hence Noah or Bacchus was denominated *zeuth*, which by the Greeks was rendered *zeus*, signifying ferment. That Noah seems to be aimed at by most nations, as the primitive inventor of wine and the *real original* Bacchus, has been advocated by many learned men."

No doubt: and under whatever designation so handed down by tradition, he has, in consequence, been worshipped as a God! Not only as the inventor of intoxication adored, but the very beer he taught to brew has been worshipped. Drink was made from the lotos, from the palm-tree, from barley; and the ale was deified in the person of Isis, or Osiris, or Misraim, or somebody else, for there is a great confusion of individuality in ancient history and mythology. So great, indeed, that the more we read about the autocrats and demigods of those times, the more we get puzzled about them; and at last we cannot tell one from another, or which is which. In short, we could not swear to the *identity* of any one of them.*

Now, whether the original forbidden fruit was wine, or whether the apple was cider, or whether the barley bree, at a later era, was *zythem*—that is, whether the fruits or grain contained an inebriating principle in themselves or not, which could work manifest wo to mankind, we shall not try, by our learning, to determine. Suffice it to notice, that one of the titles of our own day derived from great learning is curiously linked with the name of a most ancient wine,—for "The wine of Eldon became an article of traffic, and was transported to Tyre, and to more distant places, where, with a variety of other valuable merchandise described by Ezekiel, and evincing the advanced state of the arts at the time, it was eagerly purchased. This wine was said to be well known to the ancients, and, under the name of Chalibonian wine, was noted for its peculiar excellence. It was made at Damascus, where the Persians planted vineyards in order to obtain it in greater perfection and in larger quantities. Its quality is said to have been that of a luxurious and generous wine."

So generous that one might drink *any given quantity*; as the witty Lord Stowell said his worthy brother (Lord Eldon) could.

But, we cannot go on with our author through seven hundred and fifty pages, replete with interesting and useful information, seeing that the first nine pages have occupied us so much. We must refer the reader to the work itself, which really contains almost every thing which the subject requires, both of ancient inquiry and modern practice; and is not only entertaining and instructive from the former quality, but practically useful from the latter. That man was meant to be a bibulous animal, cannot for an instant be questioned when it is seen that from the beginning till now, in all ages, among all nations, in every clime, at all times and seasons, and every where, drinking has obtained a proper dominion

* Hereby hangs a right merry tale we heard only a few nights ago from a lady, the ornament of our female literature. One of her ladyship's servants seized a poacher with the game he had just seen him kill in his possession, and took him before the magistrate. He was, in due course, committed and tried. The offence proved, the opposing counsel, in despair for his client, asked the witness, "Can you identify this man?"—"No, I cannot," was the unexpected reply, and the poacher was acquitted. When the witness, on returning home, was interrogated how he could have been so stupid as not to know the man again, he replied,—"Know him, I knew him well enough, and could swear to him throughout the world; but, when I am put on my oath to *identify* him, it is more than I can do."!!

over humanity. And, then, how the poets have become immortal in its praise; and how it assuages the pains and sorrows of life. Read Anacreon, read Drunken Barnaby, read Horace, read Homer, and read the oldest of all authorities, thus rendered by Burns,—

"Gif him strong drink, until he wink,
That's pressed wi' grief and care.
And liquor good to fire his blood,
That's sinking in despair.
There let him booze, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er;
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
And minds his griefs no more."

"Some have asserted that the strong drink, so often mentioned in Scripture, means palm or date wine. Theodoret and Chrysostom were of this opinion, and being both Syrians, their authority is unquestionable. Judea, it is well known, was noted for the abundance and excellence of its palm-trees, of which Fleury, in his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Israelites,' says those about Jericho yielded a considerable profit; and Pliny calls this region 'palmitibus inclyta,' renowned for palms. Jericho was styled the city of palms, by way of eminence; and Palmyra, said to have been built by Solomon, received its name from the same cause. That the Jews were acquainted with the making of palm wine, there is little reason to doubt; but whether it was of a stronger body than that made from the grape we are not informed, as we have seen that the latter underwent many changes by infusions and mixtures."

Instead of Pliny's "palmitibus inclyta," we would allude to our glorious hero, Nelson, who, doubtless, took his motto from feeling that he owed all his victories to the inspiration of the grog handed to his men on going into action, and of which he took a reasonable sup himself. Thus

"*Pulnam qui meruit ferat*"

deserves to be equally remembered with the splendid aphorism, "England expects every man to do his duty," though perhaps our Collector of Excise would wish to read it "England expects every man to pay his duty."

We must not, however, be thus led away by conjecture, but conclude; which we do by congratulating the fair sex that they are now permitted to take their fair share of tippie, from table-beer to champagne, with the thirsty lords and tyrants of the creation. It was not so in days of yore, for, Mr. Morewood informs us—

"It was in these times of simplicity that women were forbidden to drink wine; and for that reason their near relations were permitted to salute them when they came to their houses, in order to smell whether they had tasted any Temetum, for so they termed wine, which, if discovered, gave their husbands a right to punish them. According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Romulus was the author of the law which permitted a husband to kill his wife for drinking wine, as well as for the crime of adultery. It is related that Ignatius Mecenius, having killed his wife with a cudgel, because he found her drinking wine out of a cask, was acquitted of the murder by Romulus. Fabius Pictor, in his annals, says that a Roman lady was starved to death by her own relations for having picked the lock of a chest in which were the keys of the wine-cellar. We are assured by Pliny, that Cneius Domitius, a judge in Rome, in the like case, pronounced sentence judiciously against a woman who was defendant, in this form, 'that it seemed she had drunk more wine without her husband's knowledge than was needful for the preservation of her

health, and, therefore, that she should lose the benefit of her dowry."

But such barbarity and privation were not to be endured (though men craftily pretended they did not drink till they were thirty years old); and we learn, with much satisfaction, that the women, at length, asserted their privileges:—

"Towards the decline of the Roman commonwealth, and under the first emperors, the women were not only accustomed to drink wine, but carried the excess of it as far as the men, which, if we credit Pliny, exceeded any thing of the kind in modern times. To prevent females from committing excessive crimes, the lawgivers in ancient times prohibited the free use of wine. Seneca complains bitterly that, in his day, the custom of prohibition was almost universally violated. The weak and delicate complexion of the women, says he, is not changed, but their manners are changed, and no longer the same. They value themselves upon carrying excess of wine to as great a height as the most robust men; like them they pass whole nights at table, and with a full glass of unmixed wine in their hands, they glory in vieing with them; and, if they can, in overcoming them."

And when we see what the men did, this was no light triumph, for "Theophrastus says that great drunkards, when they drank for a wager, used to take the powder of pumice stone before setting to. This probably gave rise to the invention of 'devils,' those choice and whetting *tit bits*, so much resorted to after dinner by the toppers of the present day. Some of the Romans even went so far as to take hemlock in order to make them drink. Tiberius Claudius, who was fond of a goblet himself, knighted Novellius Torquatus, by the title of Tricongius, or the three-gallon knight, for drinking, at one draught, three conglis of wine, equal to nine quarts, three three-eighths pints, English wine measure, without taking breath. It was generally believed at Rome, that Caius Piso owed his advancement at the court of Tiberius to his extraordinary powers in that way, as it is said he would sit for two days and two nights drinking, without intermission, or even stirring from the table. Ter-gilla, who challenged Marcus Cicero, son of the famous orator, to a drinking-bout, boasted that he usually drank two gallons at a draught. In later times we read, that the emperor Maximin, who was no less remarkable for his gigantic stature than for his great strength, would drink six gallons of wine without getting drunk."

This was the fellow who used his wife's neck-torque for a thumb ring; but we question if, for all that, she did not beat him over the bottle. Probably it may be from this Maximin's bouts that some kind of drink is called "Old Max;" but we merely throw this out for the consideration of etymologists, and bid the volume before us good bye, recommending it strongly to every one who desires a thorough knowledge not only of the descent of tippling, and singular customs of antiquity, but of distillation, as now performed, and the manufacture and use of the many stimulants with which men in every country lull their sorrows, provoke their faculties, fuddle their noses, and cheer their lives!!!

We have, accordingly, the pleasure to drink all your good healths, with three times three!

Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. In three books. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley.

MR. CARLYLE'S great talents and information,

and also his strange peculiarities, are too well known to the literary world to require any specification from us. The powers displayed in his recent course of lectures, as well as in all his writings, shew the possession of a mind of a very superior and original cast; and much should we rejoice if the adjective laudative, "original," were less liable to be converted into a substantive, in his case, so that we could not call him an Original, so much within the eccentric meaning of the term. But, to it; and, as the old adage says, "We must ride the ford as we find it." This volume—this tailor's card of many patterns—is truly *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is the oddest patch-work we ever saw. Here is a piece of fine velvet, and there a bit of rag; here silk, and there filthy dowlass; here the prettiest of fancy, from the intellectual loom, and there a pack of tatters, gathered from some German bedlam. But, taken altogether, there is a huge mass of imagination, and a wide extent of reading and knowledge, however quaintly and jumblingly put forth, and almost industriously made repulsive by form and manner. One may dip into any page for illustration. *Ex. gr.* of the sorrows of Teufelsdröckh:—

"If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind the professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. 'A nameless unrest,' says he, 'urged me forward; to which the outward motion was some momentary lying solace. Whither should I go? My loadstars were blotted out: in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I; the ground burnt under me; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. I was alone, alone! Ever, too, the strong inward longing shaped fantasmas for itself: towards these, one after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had that, for my fever-thirst, there was, and must be somewhere, a healing fountain. To many fondly imagined fountains, the saints' wells of these days, did I pilgrim; to great men, to great cities, to great events; but found there no healing. In strange countries, as in the well-known; in savage deserts, as in the press of corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same; how could your wanderer escape from—his own shadow? Nevertheless, still forward! I felt as if in great haste; to do I saw not what. From the depths of my own heart, it called to me, forwards! The winds and the streams, and all nature sounded to me, forwards! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for all, a son of time.' From which it is not clear that the internal Satanic school was still active enough? He says elsewhere, 'The Enchiridion of Epictetus I had ever with me, often as my sole rational companion; and regret to mention that the nourishment it yielded was trifling.' Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh! How could it else? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest? 'How I lived?' writes he once. 'Friend, hast thou considered the 'rugged all-nourishing earth,' as Sophocles well names her; how she feeds the sparrow on the housetop, much more her darling, man? While thou starest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of the Amur, who wiped her earthen kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild eggs in the sands of Sahara; I have awakened in Paris *estrupades*, and Vienna

malesins, with no prospect of breakfast beyond elemental liquid. That I had my living to seek saved me from dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is there not an everlasting demand for intellect, in the chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educational, commercial departments? In Pagan countries, cannot one write *Fetishes*? Living! Little knowest thou what alchemy is in an inventive soul; how, as with its little finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a philosopher); and then, as with both hands, create quite other than provisions; namely, spectres to torment itself withal. Poor *Teufelsdröckh*! Flying with hunger always parallel to him; and a whole infernal chance in his rear; so that the countenance of hunger is comparatively a friend's! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew, save only that he feels himself not guilty, and but suffering the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the earth (by footprints), write his 'Sorrows of *Teufelsdröckh*;' even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, must write his 'Sorrows of Werter;' before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a man. Vain, truly, is the hope of your swiftest runner 'to escape from his own shadow!' Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the born of heaven first desecres himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things: in truths grown obsolete, and trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a den of lies, wherein whoso will not speak lies and act lies, must stand idle, and despair? Whereby, it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such work of art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an altercation with the devil, before you begin honestly fighting him? Your Byron publishes his 'Sorrows of Lord George,' in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise; your Buonaparte represents his 'Sorrows of Napoleon Opera,' in an all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of conflagration; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled hosts, and the sound of falling cities. Happier is he who, like our clothes philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible earth, with his shoe-soles only; and also survive the writing thereof!"

Again, an illustration of history:—

"In so capricious inexpressible a work as this of the professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant indications stand out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable bridge be effected: this as heretofore continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about perfectibility, has seemed worth clutching at: 'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history,' says *Teufelsdröckh*, 'is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those, to

whom, under ruder or purer form, the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through, in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed; or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horn, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a living spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, he could look upwards, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable mastership in cordwainery, and perhaps the post of third-borough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came splendours and terrors; for this poor cordwalner, as we said, was a man; and the temple of immensity, wherein as man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him. The clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained watchers and interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to 'drink beer, and dance with the girls.' Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel-hats scooped out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt on; and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketting, held over that spot of God's earth,—if man were but a patent digester, and the belly with its adjuncts the grand reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than *Etna*, had been heaped over that spirit: but it was a spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the world's; and time flies fast, and heaven is high, and hell is deep: man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want! Want!—Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the moon ferry me across into that far land of light? Only meditation can, and devout prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of leather!' 'Historical oil-painting,' continues *Teufelsdröckh*, is one of the arts I never practised; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvass. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's freewill, to lighten, more and more into day, the chaotic night that threatened to engulf him in its hinderances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in history. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that

morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery, and world-worship, and the mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch, within which vanity holds her work-house and rag-fair, into lands of true liberty: were the work done, there is in broad Europe one free man, and thou art he! Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height: and for the poor also a gospel has been published. Surely, if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of antiquity, only that he wanted decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the moderns; and greater than Diogenes himself; for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his manhood, casting aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage pride, undervaluing the earth; valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks heavenward from his earth, and dwells in an element of mercy and worship, with a still strength, such as the cynic's tub did novise witness. Great, truly, was that tub; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad: but greater is the leather hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in scorn but in love.' George Fox's 'perennial suit,' with all that it held, has been quite worn into ashes for nigh two centuries: why, in a discussion on the perfectibility of society, reproduce it now? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship: *Teufelsdröckh* himself is no Quaker; with all his pacific tendencies, did we not see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the archangel smuggler, exhibit fire arms? For us, aware of his deep sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and the Boettian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that 'incident' is here brought forward; and, in the professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in *Weissnichtswo*, recommended to imitation! Does *Teufelsdröckh* anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'vanity's workhouse and ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently,—will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will majesty lay aside its robes of state, and beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the fancy-bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would *Teufelsdröckh*'s mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling society (levelling it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!), and so attaining the political effects of nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,—be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of russia leather; and the highborn belle step forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy: the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world; and so all the old distinctions re-established? Or has the professor his own

deeper intention; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof?"

Of such materials is this volume throughout; and, such as it is, we commend it to the reading world as a book to take up, tire of, yet take up again and again with amusement and profit.

Letters from Palmyra. By Lucius Manlius Piso, to his Friend, Marcus Curtius, at Rome. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

THE war of Aurelian, which terminated in the captivity of the famous Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, and the destruction of that splendid city, forms the staple of this picture of Roman, Palmyrene, and Persian manners. The preceding misfortunes of Valerian in the Persian war, which involves the fate of many Roman prisoners, and particularly of the illustrious family of Piso, introduce most of the characters; and these, with Livia and Julia, the daughters of Zenobia; Fausta, the daughter of Gracchus, her minister, and Gracchus himself; Longinus, the celebrated philosopher; Isaac, a remarkable Jew; Prolus and other Christians; Sapor, the Persian monarch, and his son, Hermisdas; Zabdas, the Palmyrene general; and various historical personages, fill up the canvass. The descriptive parts relate to Palmyra, Rome, Persia, Egypt, and the deserts of the East; and the tenets of Christians, Jews, Pagans, and philosophers, supply the chief subjects of discussion.

We perceive some anachronisms in the tale; but, as a general refresher, in regard to the customs and events of the age, as well as in the interest attached to individuals, it is a pleasant and instructive composition. The account of the death of Longinus, after having been made prisoner by Aurelian, will serve as a specimen of the author.

"I write to you, Curtius, as from my last you were doubtless led to expect, from Emesa, a Syrian town of some consequence, filled now to overflowing with the Roman army. Here Aurelian reposes for awhile, after the fatigues of the march across the desert, and here justice is to be inflicted upon the leaders of the late revolt, as by Rome it is termed. The prisons are crowded with the great, and noble, and good of Palmyra. All those with whom I have for the last few months mingled so much, whose hospitality I have shared, whose taste, accomplishments, and elegant displays of wealth I have admired, are now here immured in dungeons, and awaiting that death which their virtues, not their vices or their crimes, have drawn upon them. For I suppose it will be agreed, that if ever mankind do that which claims the name and rank of virtue, it is when they freely offer up their lives for their country, and for a cause which, whatever may be their misjudgment in the case, they believe to be the cause of liberty. Man is then greater in his disinterestedness, in the spirit with which he renounces himself, and offers his neck to the axe of the executioner, than he can be clothed in any robe of honour, or sitting upon a throne of power. Which is greater, in the present instance, Longinus, Gracchus, Otho, or Aurelian, I cannot doubt for a moment; although I fear that you, Curtius, were I to declare my opinion, would hardly agree with me. Strange that such a sacrifice as this, which is about to be made, can be thought to be necessary. It is not necessary; nor can Aurelian himself in his heart deem it so. It is a peace-offering to the bloodthirsty legions, who—well do I know it, for I have been

of them—love no sight so well as the dying throes of an enemy. It is, I am told, with an impatience hardly to be restrained within the bounds of discipline, that they wait for the moment when their eyes shall be feasted with the flowing blood and headless trunks of the brave defenders of Palmyra. I see that this is so, whenever I pass by a group of soldiers, or through the camp. Their conversation seems to turn upon nothing else than the vengeance due to them upon those who have thinned their ranks of one half their numbers, and who, themselves shielded by their walls, looked on and beheld in security the slaughter which they made. They cry out for the blood of every Palmyrene brought across the desert. My hope for Gracchus is small. Not more, however, because of this clamour of the legions, than on account of the stern and almost cruel nature of Aurelian himself. He is himself a soldier. He is one of the legions. His sympathies are with them, one of whom he so long has been, and from whom he sprang. The gratifications which he remembers himself so often to have sought, and so dearly to have prized, he is willing to bestow upon those who he knows feel as he once did. He may speak of his want of power to resist the will of the soldiers; but I almost doubt his sincerity, since nothing can equal the terror and reverence with which he is regarded throughout the army—reverence for his genius, terror for his passions, which, when excited, rage with the fury of a madman, and wreak themselves upon all upon whom the least suspicion falls, though among his most trusted friends. To this terror, as you well know, his bodily strength greatly adds.

"In the morning, with a spirit heavy and sad, burdened, indeed, with a grief such as I never before had experienced, I turned to seek the apartment of Longinus. It was not far from that of Gracchus. The keeper of the prison readily admitted me, saying, 'that free intercourse was allowed the prisoners with all whom it was their desire to see, and that there were several friends of Longinus already with him.' With these words he let fall a heavy bar, and the door of the cell creaked upon its hinges. The room into which I passed seemed a dungeon, rather than any thing else or better, for the only light it had came from a small barred window, far above the reach. Longinus was seated near a massy central column, to which he was bound by a chain; his friends were around him, with whom he appeared to have been engaged in earnest conversation. He rose as I approached him, and saluted me with that grace that is natural to him, and which is expressive, not more of his high breeding, than of an inward benevolence that goes forth and embraces all who draw near him. 'Although,' said he, 'I am forsaken of that which men call fortune, yet I am not forgotten by my friends. So that the best things remain. Piso, I rejoice truly to see you. These whom you behold are pupils and friends whom you have often met at my house, if this dim light will allow you to distinguish them.'

Some conversation ensued.

"And what," asked the young Cleoras, a favourite disciple of the philosopher, 'is it in your case that enables you to meet misfortune and death without shrinking? If you take not shelter behind indifference, what other shield do you find to be sufficient?' 'I know,' said Longinus, 'that you ask this question, not because you have never heard from me virtually at least its answer, but because you wish to hear from me at this hour, whether I adhere

with firmness to the principles I have ever inculcated respecting death, and whether I myself derive from them the satisfactions I have declared them capable to impart. It is right and well that you do so. And I on my part take pleasure in repeating and re-affirming what I have maintained and taught. But I must be brief in what I say, more so than I have been in replying to your other inquiries, Cleoras and Bassus, for I perceive by the manner in which the rays of the sun shoot through the bars of the window, that it is not long before the executioner will make his appearance. It affords me then, I say, a very especial satisfaction, to declare, in the presence of so many worthy friends, my continued attachment and hearty devotion to the truths I have believed and taught, concerning the existence of a God, and the reality of a future and immortal life. Upon these two great points I suffer from no serious doubts; and it is from this belief that I now derive the serenity and peace which you witness. All the arguments which you have often heard from me in support of them, now seem to me to be possessed of a greater strength than ever; I will not repeat them, for they are too familiar to you, but only re-affirm them, and pronounce them, as in my judgment, affording a ground for our assurance in the department of moral demonstration, as solid and sufficient as the reasonings of Euclid afford in the science of geometry. I believe in a supreme God and Sovereign Ruler of the world, by whose wisdom and power all things and beings have been created, and are sustained, and in whose presence I live and enjoy as implicitly as I believe the fifth proposition of Euclid's first book. I believe in a future life with the like strength. It is behind these truths, Cleoras, that I intrench myself at this hour; these make the shield which defends me from the assaults of fear and despair, that would otherwise, I am sure, overwhelm me.'

"I, Cleoras, look upon death as a release, not from a life which has been wholly evil, for I have, through the favour of the gods, enjoyed much, but from the dominion of the body, and the appetites which clog the soul, and greatly hinder it in its efforts after a perfect virtue and a true felicity. It will open a way for me into those elysian realms in whose reality all men have believed, a very few excepted, though few or none could prove it. Even as the great Roman could call that 'O glorious day,' that should admit him to the council of the gods, and the society of the great and the good who had preceded him, so can I, in like manner, designate the day and hour which are now present. I shall leave you whom I have known so long; I shall be separated from scenes familiar and beloved through a series of years: the arts and the sciences, which have ministered so largely to my happiness, in these forms of them I shall lose; the very earth itself, venerable to my mind for the events which have passed upon it, and the genius it has nurtured and matured, and beautiful, too, in its array of forms and colours, I shall be conversant with no more. Death will divide me from them all. But it will bear me to worlds and scenes of a far exceeding beauty. It will introduce me to mansions inconceivably more magnificent than any thing which the soul has experience of here. Above all, it will bring me into the company of the good of all ages, with whom I shall enjoy the pleasures of an uninterrupted intercourse. It will place me where I shall be furnished with ample means for the prosecution of all those inquiries which have engaged me on earth, exposed to none or fewer of the hindrances

which have here thronged the way. All knowledge and all happiness will then be attainable. Is death to be called an evil, or is it to be feared or approached with tears and regrets, when such are to be its issues?

"But are there, Longinus, after all, no waverings of the mind, no impertinent doubts, no overcasting shadows, which at all disturb your peace, or impair the vividness of your faith? Are you wholly superior to fear—the fear of suffering and death?" "That is not, Cleoras, so much to ask whether I still consider my philosophy as sufficient, and whether it be so, as whether or not I am still a man, and, therefore, a mixed and imperfect being. But if you desire the assurance, I can answer you and say that I am but a man, and, therefore, notwithstanding my philosophy, subject to infirmity and to assaults from the body, which undoubtedly occasion me some distress. But these seasons are momentary. I can truly affirm, that although there have been, and still are, conflicts, the soul is ever conqueror, and that, too, by very great odds. My doubts and fears are mere flitting shadows—my hope, a strong and unchanging beam of light. The body sometimes slips from beyond my control and trembles, but the soul is at the very same time secure in herself and undaunted. I present the same apparent contradiction that the soldier often does upon the field of battle—he trembles and turns pale as he first springs forward to encounter the foe, but his arm is strong and his soul determined at the very same moment, and no death or suffering in prospect avails to alarm or turn him back. Do not, therefore, although I should exhibit signs of fear, imagine that my soul is terrified, or that I am forsaken of those steadfast principles to which I have given in my allegiance for so long a time." "We will not, Longinus," said they all. Longinus here paused, and seemed for a time buried in meditation. We were all silent—the silence was broken only by the sobs of those who could not restrain their grief. "I have spoken to you, my friends," he at length resumed, "of the hope of immortality, of the strength it yields, and of its descent from God. But think not that this hope can exist but in the strictest alliance with virtue. The hope of immortality without virtue is a contradiction in terms. The perpetuation of vice, or of any vicious affections or desires, can be contemplated only with horror. If the soul be without virtue, it is better that it should perish. And if deep stained with vice, it is to be feared that the very principle of life may be annihilated. As then you would meet the final hour not only with calmness, but with pleasant expectations, cherish virtue in your souls; reverence the divinity; do justly by all; obey your instincts, which point out the right and the wrong; keep yourselves pure; subdue the body. As virtue becomes a habit and a choice, and the soul, throughout all its affections and powers, harmonises with nature and God, so will hope of immortality increase in strength, till it shall grow to a confident expectation. Remember that virtue is the golden key, and the only one, that unlocks the gates of the celestial mansions." I here asked Longinus if he was conscious of having been influenced in any of his opinions by Christianity. "I know," I said, "that in former conversations you have ever objected to that doctrine. Does your judgment remain the same?" "I have not read the writings of the Christians, yet am I not wholly ignorant of them, since it were impossible to know with such familiarity the Princess Julia, and not arrive at some just conception of what that re-

ligion is. But I have not received it. Yet even as a piece of polished metal takes a thousand hues from surrounding objects, so does the mind; and mine may have been unconsciously coloured and swayed by the truths of Christianity, which I have heard so often stated and defended. Light may have fallen upon it from that quarter as well as from others. I doubt not that it has. For although I cannot myself admit that doctrine, yet am I now, and have ever been, persuaded of its excellence, and that upon such as can admit it, it must exert a power altogether beneficial. But let us now, for the little time that remains, turn to other things."

"As he uttered these words, the sound of steps was heard, as of several approaching the door of the room. Then the heavy bar of the door was let fall, and the key turned in the wards of the lock. We knew that the last moments of Longinus had arrived. Although knowing this so well, yet we still were not ready for it, and a horror as of some unlooked for calamity came over us. Cleoras wept without restraint; and threw himself down before Longinus, embraced his knees, and as the officers entered and drew near, warned them away with threatening language. It was with difficulty that Longinus calmed him. He seemed to have lost the possession of his reason. The jailor, followed by the guard, now came up to Longinus, and informed him that the hour appointed for his execution had arrived. Longinus replied, 'that he was ready to go with him, but must first, when his chains were taken off, be permitted to address himself to the gods. For we ought to undertake no enterprise of moment, especially ought we not to venture into any unknown and untried scenes, without first asking their guidance, who alone have power to carry us safely through.' 'This we readily grant,' replied the jailor; who then, taking his hammer, struck off the chain that was bound around the middle of his body. Longinus then, without moving from where he sat, bent his head, and covering his face with his hands, remained a few minutes in that posture. The apartment was silent as if no one had been in it. Even Cleoras was by that sight taught to put a restraint upon the expression of his feelings. When these few moments were ended, Longinus raised his head, and, with a bright and smiling countenance, said to the jailor that he was now ready. He then went out in company with the guard and soldiers, we following in sad procession. The place of execution was in front of the camp, all the legions being drawn around to witness it, Aurelian himself being present among them. Soon as he came in sight of that fatal place, and of the executioner standing with his axe lifted upon his shoulder, Longinus suddenly stopped, his face became pale, and his frame trembled. He turned and looked upon us who were immediately behind him, and held up his hand, but without speaking, which was as much as to say, 'you perceive that what I said was very likely to happen has come to pass, and the body has obtained a momentary triumph.' He paused, however, not long, making then a sign to the soldiers that he was ready to proceed. After a short walk from that spot, we reached the block and executioner. 'Friend,' said he now to the executioner, 'I hope your axe is sharp, and that you are skilful in your art; and yet it is a pity if you have had so much practice as to have become very dexterous in it.' 'Ten years' service in Rome,' he replied, 'may well make one so, or he must be born with little wit. Distrust not my arm,

for it has never failed yet. One blow, and that a light one, is all I want, if it be, as it ought, a little slanting. As for this edge—feel it if thou wilt—it would do for thy beard.' Longinus had now divested himself of whatever parts of his garments would obstruct the executioner in his duty, and was about to place his head in the prescribed place, when he first turned to us and again held out his hands, which now trembled no longer. 'You see,' said he, in a cheerful voice, 'that the soul is again supreme. Love and cultivate the soul, my good friends, and you will then be universal conquerors, and throughout all ages. It will never betray you. Now, my new friend, open for me the gates of immortality, for you are, in truth, a celestial porter.' So saying, he placed himself as he was directed to do, and at a single blow, as he had been promised, the head of Longinus was severed from the body. Neither the head nor the body was delivered to the soldiers, or allowed to be treated with disrespect. This favour we had obtained of Aurelian. So, after the executioner had held up the head of the philosopher, and shewn it to the soldiers, it was, together with the body, given to our care, and by us sent to Palmyra."

A Cry from the Oppress: and other Poems. By Maria A. Wilby, widow of the late Mr. B. Wilby, Jun., of Gray's Inn. Pp. 114. London, 1838. Longman and Co.; Hatchard.

ASSUREDLY the hundreds of subscribers' names prefixed to this little volume (numbers of them names of celebrity), together with the testimonials which are also added to the work, do of themselves in a great measure bear down all the imputations under which the character of the authoress has so long suffered, and of which she has such just reason to complain. To us, and to many of her readers, her injuries may not be sufficiently made out, but we can see enough to satisfy us, that she will be justified in publishing her "*Statement of Facts*;" and until then we shall refrain from making any remarks on the matter. We cannot, however, for a moment believe, that a lady who has given utterance to such thoughts as are recorded in this volume could ever turn her mind to the things which have been laid to her charge. The following extract from the preface will, we are sure, be of more interest to our readers than any thing we can say on the subject:—

"In '*A Cry from the Oppress*,' the authoress speaks in her own person, and by a brief and faithful outline of her bereavements and sufferings, seeks to awaken in the reader a disposition to peruse with patient attention '*A Statement of Facts*,' to which the appendix in this work refers. The principal part of the miscellaneous poems are the spontaneous and secret effusions of a wounded spirit, and were composed in those bursts of agony to which the breaking heart is subject, and without the most remote idea of publication. They are now reluctantly drawn from the dark chamber of distress, simply to bear evidence to the private sentiments of the victims of misrepresentation. Under acute and intense feeling, and with a clear sense in all its bearings of the appalling situation in which her injured family are placed, the writer here ventures earnestly and anxiously to supplicate the reader to wade through a series of poems, not otherwise interesting than as presenting proofs of deep and long-continued mental suffering, and of the moral impossibility that a heart imbued with religious feeling and a mind agonised by affliction, should at the same time be the seat of dissimulation."

We turn from the darker passages in the

book, and give an extract which will need no recommendation of ours; and will, we hope, inspire a wish on the part of our numerous readers to purchase the volume.

"In deep abstracted thought I can even now
Recall the peaceful calm of evening's hour,
And taste its sweetness; then, as now, the moon
With pale beams played—though not as now, oh, and
Reverse! through gratings of a dreary cell—
Not so—but on a flower-embroidered lawn,
And that transparent globe, through which were seen
The finned inhabitants, with scales that gleamed
In silver and in gold: and nigh was heard
The gentle ripple of that narrow stream:
Sheltered by intervening branch or root
Of shrub, at earlier hour, the cautious trout
Was wont to gorge the writhing worm, or snatch
The well-dissembled fly; and now, at eve,
Midst soft refreshing dews, ambrosial sweets
Perfumed the air that fanned its banks beneath
The blue bespangled canopy of heaven;
There, seated on the mossy couch beside,
How oft I've viewed—romantic luxury!—
The sole possessor of my heart: the extent
Of all that heart's desire; the unbodied spirit
That was the guardian of my happiness
And mortal woe! till all-subduing love,
Grateful, suffused the crystal of mine eye,
Or listened while in thrilling melody
He breathed in cadence soft the vespere hymn:
Or mingling grave discourse, yet sweet, revolved
Creation's beauties, and salvation's plan."

New Zealand: a Narrative of Travels and Adventures during a Residence in that Country between the Years 1831 and 1837. By J. S. Polack, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Bentley.

At a period when New Zealand deservedly occupies much public attention, when, perhaps, the happiness or misery of its people may be shaped by the measures pursued in settling English colonies upon the island and prescribing rules for intercourse with the natives, we are glad to see a genuine and straightforward narrative like this. It is full of interesting matter, and supplies information of great value as regards the fate of a numerous race emerging from barbarism, and open to every external impression. We can, however, at the late hour at which the work has reached us, only give one extract from it in our present Number.

"Shortly after dinner some muskets were discharged, announcing the approach of Terárau, who then made his appearance. This chief was of a tall commanding figure, apparently about thirty-five years of age, with a countenance at once very expressive, features possessing European regularity, and a complexion of light bronze. He was entirely marked with the *moko*, or tattoo, and moved with the pride and dignity which a New Zealand chief delights in assuming. He was accompanied by his brother (I believe by adoption), whose countenance presented the most unpleasant and forbidding expression I had yet seen. The lower part of his countenance, including his underlip to his chin, was of a red-raw aspect, occasioned, it was said, by the chief when in infancy, and left to himself, falling on some burning embers. Terárau led the way to his house, around which was assembled some venerable men, and a crowd of people of lesser note, anxious to listen to the purport of a visit from the white stranger. Terárau sat himself at the head, and the group, in a circle sat in profound silence. The elders placed themselves also on the ground, with their garments covering their mouths, and appeared occupied in serious meditation. I opened the conversation by saying, this was the first time I had been in their district, and that my coming, even personally unarmed—a lone European, would tell best how much I confided in them; at a time, also, when the natives of the land feared to move a mile distant from each other; that I came not as a spy, deputed by their

enemies, but as a friend, willing to sit down among them, and purchase the produce of the soil at reasonable rates; whereby, in a little time, they would be enabled to compete with their neighbours to the north and east, in possessing articles of clothing to protect them from the wintry blasts, and implements of iron to pursue the labours of agriculture; that industry would put them in possession of ammunition to repel an invader; who, aware of their being in possession of such resources, would themselves, in all probability, turn their attention to similar pursuits, and would after a time perceive their interests promoted by peaceable conduct, and would war no more. I then requested the use of a large canoe, to carry my party and self to the mouth of the Kaipará, to ascertain the depth of the river at the mouth of the harbour; and, should I be successful in finding a passage sufficiently deep to admit the entrance of ships into the river, they might be assured of being visited by them, similar to their neighbours on either side of the country, and that I was willing to pay the demand for the use of the canoe. I awaited in silence an answer from Terárau, who sat listening with attention, the lower part of his face covered with his mat. The venerable portion of the company sat still, apparently unwilling to lose a word I had to say. They looked grave and dignified, contemplating what should be the subject of their speeches; they sighed after the clothing and ammunition; but they deplored the innovations Europeans would cause, in lieu of their ancient usages, to which they inclined themselves with singular pertinacity. One of these hoary ancients arose to address the group; his name was Motárou; he at first walked up and down the circle formed by the people, to aid the orators in giving effect to their arguments. After a short time employed in collecting his thoughts, he took short runs to and fro around the space allotted. This veteran pretended to be highly indignant at my coming among them. The Europeans, he said, were overrunning the land, so that wars must in a short time cease; and what were the pleasures left to the people, when they should be restricted killing their enemies, and preserving their heads, as undoubted memorials of triumph? (pointing with his short *hani* to those placed on poles, that were opposite to us). War was his delight: it had been the sole pleasures pursued by his ancestors (*tepuna*) and ought to be so of *their* children. And was it so? No! the white men had come among them, and the warrior was obliged to give way to women and slaves, whose utmost ability consisted in paddling canoes, pounding fern-root, or scraping flax (imitating those various employments). Yet, but a little while, and not an enemy would be found to combat with—they would all become women and flax-dressers. Who wanted fire-arms? For his part, he could not take aim, and they were useless to him, and therefore ought to be unserviceable to every body else; they did scarce any damage, in comparison to the weapons of the nation, handed down to them by the fathers of the land. He did not want to see a white face; he had heard to the northward (pointing in that direction), that a chief was made to feel ashamed in killing his own slave, and that the bodies were obliged to be eaten in secrecy and silence. He could scarcely give credit to so foul a report, and attributed it to the invention of persons who would impose on the natural easiness of his disposition. *It could not, should not be!* No! he would sooner eat all the white men himself, than be reduced to a state so truly abject. (Here he

imitated the action of gnawing his right arm.) This sally created a general laugh, in which I joined, and which heartily tickled the irascible veteran himself, who continued: No; he would live to spite the white men, and break his fast on a fresh slave every morning. The very Atuas of the country were arrayed against the new comers (instancing our adventures in connexion with Tameteri). And where did the party intend going? Down the Kaipará river, every spot of which was sacred, for a race of chiefs who would never allow us to land on those shores, without shewing their resentment in a signal manner. For his part, no canoe should leave Mátakoki Wangaré (the name of the village), nor should any white man again visit them. 'They will, perhaps,' he added, 'persuade us not to punish the tribes of Wai má, who have destroyed our Wai-tápus, dog up our provisions, and stolen the property of our people. Never! let the flax grow, and our forests stand; if we want clothing, we have our women to make them—(he had seven wives, not including handmaids); if food be our object, we have slaves to plant for us; and of them we shall never be deficient, as long as our enemies exist. No canoe shall leave this village; and let the white man return to his residence. The tribes among whom he has taken up his abode *may* be our friends now; but have they not been our enemies? (Here he recounted a series of ancient feuds, that had existed in the times of his progenitors). No! let the white man go. Who sent for him? He came from beyond sea to us—he has seen us. What does he further want? Let him go back.' This old gentleman had not formed any acquaintance with, or even heard of, the 'schoolmaster abroad;' his action was as changeable and varying as the actual disposition of the warrior; he at times danced with great agility, his hoary beard shaking in the wind. On describing the feuds of his own tribes and those of my party, he quivered with rage, and stamped with ferocious vehemence, as every fresh instance darted across his brain. He then sat down amid murmurs of applause. I was annoyed to perceive the influence his harangue had perceptibly made upon the feelings of these savage lords and commons. Another old warrior harangued the assembly; but, luckily for us, he had a violent toothach, which soon obliged him to sit down. This last delivered his short speech, in which he sided with Motárou, in tones of vehement declamation, shaking his head and shoulders with the agility displayed by those furniture-ornaments cyclopean mandarins; and when he recounted the injury his tribe and forefathers had received from the Wai má tribes, he brandished his spear with so wild and menacing an air, that he really appeared transported beyond himself; he tortured his face into hideous grimaces, frightful to behold; his eyes almost started from his head, glaring with unusual fierceness. I felt sensibly relieved when he ceased himself. The venerable sages of the assembly were apparently satisfied with the style in which these worthies had delivered their speeches, which coincided with their own ideas on the subject. Rápu, a chief of my party, then arose, and replied to the surly orators in a manner at once firm, conciliating, and pleasing. He strongly insisted on the services the Europeans had rendered the natives by a thousand acts, which could only be appreciated by the tribes that resided around them. It was true those acts did not speak in a glaring manner, yet they were not the less felt, (instancing several

inventions that had been introduced, tending to save time and manual labour, unknown to the previous generation, especially the use of the chisel, adze, the serviceable axe and tomahawk, which had superseded the ancient stone instruments, subjected continually to be broken.) These facts were answered by a murmur from the audience, expressive that they were invaluable. Rāpu then instanced the introduction of the pig, corn, and potatoes, and other esteemed edibles presented to the country by the white men. He also insisted on their bravery, who had established themselves among the natives; whom war-cries could not frighten, nor fury turn, from the tenour of their constant conduct. The first speaker had spoken disparagingly of the present youth of the country; he was sorry to have heard it, as he, for one, though unwilling to join in an unjust war, yet, to the enemies of his own immediate tribe, and those of his relations and friends (brought to the assembly), his arm would never be drawn back. He concluded, by requesting from Motārou the use of his large canoe, for which he would not only receive a handsome payment from the white man, who had trusted to their hospitality, but would add to the inducements of their finally settling among them, whereby they would derive as much benefit as the Hokianga tribes had gained. Rāpu made use of ambulatory movements, similar to those of the previous speakers, and enforced his arguments by action and gesture, as is invariably the rule of New Zealand orators. A chief of commanding aspect, named Paikia, now arose, and gently running round the arena, spoke for some time in favour of our cause, which entirely inclined the balance in our favour. Several other chiefs addressed the meeting, whose speeches similarly inclined towards us; and it was agreed that a canoe, lying at a place called Haipāra, dignified with a high-sounding name, formerly borne by a deceased warrior, should be lent to us, for the amount of a blanket and some tobacco, for which I instantly wrote a check (pukāpuka) on the spot, payable in Hokianga. My antagonist, Motārou, came up to salute me by pressing noses, which I could not refuse; but his face was bedaubed with kokowai and shark's oil, which was transferred to my visage. The effect of this abrasion gave much amusement to the natives, who requested me to allow it to remain some time longer. I gave the veteran warrior some tobacco, which made him caper with delight; he patted my face with a pair of hands that had been tūpued from the use of water for many months previous; and, finally, he was now more in favour of the white men settling at Kaipāra, than he had formerly declared himself against the motion: so infantine are the minds of these people, that, had I refused the proffered salute, he would have been my declared enemy. Another instance of the mutability of the native mind occurred during this same afternoon. An inferior chief had put his hands into my coat pocket without my perceiving it, and drew forth my snuff-box, the contents of which I was habituated to at that period. An exclamation of surprise from the bystanders caused me to look round, and, seeing the cause, I hastily snatched it from the man, giving him, at the same moment, a smart push, that sent him reeling backwards. He no sooner recovered his position, than he approached me with a face swollen with rage; but I laughed at him, which had the effect of instantly turning his anger, his friends observing it was *hangēreka* no te *pākehā*, or a jest of the white man, and it was accordingly received as such:

had I shewn a frown, a serious quarrel would have ensued, by which my existence might probably have been endangered. These little traits of the instability of the friendship of these people are of continual occurrence, though possessing unbounded affection towards each other and their visitors, when nothing displeases them."

The Wife Hunter, and Flora Douglas: Tales by the Moriarty Family. Edited by Denis Ignatius Moriarty, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

THE first of these tales, which we confess we have had some fatigue in getting through, occupies two volumes, and is a series of Irish adventures rather than a connected story. Some passages are lively enough; but we have too much of the same thing: for instance, after we have managed to read the canvassing speeches of two members, and see them safely seated, we are rather frightened at a third edition of the same in the next volume. The following is a lively French sketch:—

"Assurément," said Count Klopstockendock; "I did know one gentilhomme in France—I could not presume to hint that he was one of de present compagnie—oh! que non—dat would be trop présomptueux! it is enough for to say dat he was homme marquant et distingué; and as to his personal mérite, ah, ma foi! he was très galant—très favorisé par les dames! mais, n'importe—dere was a comtesse and a duchesse—dey were folles! entrainées! éperdués! all about dis chevalier; tout le monde at Paris talk of noting else; and every body say it would be nécessaire for dis monsieur de s'éloigner—in short, to quit Paris, for de comtesse and de duchesse were distraites!" "The chevalier must have felt much embarrassed," said Mrs. Herbert. "Oh, point de tout; no Frenchman ever does. Mais écoutez donc—what tink you dese ladies did?" "I am sure I cannot tell." "Dey fought a duel about monsieur." "A duel?" "Mais oui—de comtesse shoot de duchesse in de leg; she fall, she tink she go to die; de comtesse embrasse her, screaming furieusement. 'Ah, je vous pardonne!' s'écria la duchesse, 'je vous pardonne vid all my heart, for I ave conquer you!' 'You ave conquer me?' reply the comtesse; 'mais comment?' 'Because,' exclaim de duchesse en triomphe, 'I ave de gloire and de honneur to die for de most charmant of his sexe. De victory is mine. Je meurs heureuse.' Dis noble sentiment overcome de rivalry of madame la comtesse. 'Ah, duchesse,' she exclaim, 'je vous demande mille pardons! I vil not contest him no more vid you. Live for him! take him! he shall be yours! you are wordy of him!' 'De lover chance to pass—the kiss de blood dat flow on de ground for his sake—he bind up de wound—he embrasse de duchesse for her true affection—he embrasse de comtesse for her générosité. He start to his feet! he slap his forehead—he vas puzzle between de deux dames, dey were both si charmantes, si de vouées! De magnanimous comtesse resolve upon a coup magnifique et éclatant. 'Duchesse!' she exclaim, 'je vous le rends entièrement! I do give him all to you! but I cannot live without him—I will die! Chère duchesse, I bequeath to you all de beaux fleurs dat you admire so much in de jardin at Epergny, and all de diamond necklace and aigrette, and de coiffure-aux-rubans dat le dauphin admire. Ven you wear dem you will quelquefois tink of me. Adieu, ma vie! Adieu, vie courte et misérable!' and de comtesse shoot herself dead. Ciel! quel grandeur d'âme! 'Ah, it was bien tragique! De duchesse and her chevalier vas

inconsolable—dey cry, dey faint, and dey write a noble melodrame sur le sujet, which was brought out dat winter at de Théâtre Français."

The third volume is devoted to a Scotch story, or rather to a journal (our author writes in the first person) of some time passed at Holyrood and in a Highland visit, during the residence of Charles the Tenth in Scotland. Flora Douglas, although she gives her name to the narrative, appears but little. One quotation from this volume, and we have done.

The Finale to a Courtship.—"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—ah! Flora—I am come to—oh! you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora—ah!" "I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come, you tell me. Interesting intelligence, certainly. Well, what next?" "Oh, Flora! I am come to—to—" "To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?" "Yes." "Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey." "Plague take your self-possession!" exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knee, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of even Madame de Maillard Fraser; "you make me ashamed of myself." "Proceed, sir," said Flora. "You like brevity, it would seem!" "Yes," said Flora. "Then—will you marry me?" "Yes." "Will you give me a kiss?" "You may take one." I took the proffered kiss. "Now, that is going to work rationally," said Flora; "when a thing's to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stuttering and stammering two hours about it? Oh, how cordially I do hate all *niaiserie*!" he exclaimed the merry maiden, clasping her hands energetically. "Well, then," said I, "humbag apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"

The Extinct and Dormant Baronetries of England. By John Burke and J. Bernard Burke. 8vo. pp. 600, double columns. London, 1838. Scott, Webster, and Geary.

THE author of the "Peerage and Baronetage" and of the "History of our Commoners," wanted a volume like the present to fill up the valuable and interesting view he has given of British society, and of those individuals and families distinguished by rank, wealth, or title from the more ordinary herd which has swelled the tide of human existence in our island for many a long year, and sunk obliviously into the grave. As regards genealogies, and it may be descent, inheritance, and property, we have applied to his labours the epithet of valuable; and sure we are that no reflecting mind can contemplate this volume without feeling how justly is applied to it the term interesting. It is the record of men who, during more than two hundred years, struggled into note, gratifying to vanity or ambition; and whose names and honours have passed away and vanished. When we ask ourselves where are they, and where their honours? how poor and idle seems the retrospective of their fortunes and destinies. All that Messrs. Burke shew us is a vision of a thousand ardent beings, who, like those who surround us this day, underwent all the toils, felt all the jealousies and heart-burnings, stirred up all the interests in their power, bartered their compliances, and sold their services, fought and bled, did all that honour could urge or dishonour prompt—in fine, were base, or brave, or treacherous, or lucky, or wise, or gifted, or venal, or patriotic, or loyal, or just, or bad, or good, and all for one end, exercising their faculty, whatsoever it was, with the aim of rising superior to the mass; and thus, as a worthy city alderman has told

us, having at least the "convenient handle" of "SIR" prefixed to their undistinguished names. Well, they succeeded, and some died issueless, whilst others transmitted their titles to one or more generations, and a few sons, uncles, nephews, or cousins, wore them out. At last we see that some half dozen Italic letters comprehend their whole history, and

b. cr. s. m. d. ex.

divulge all that need be told of their birth, creation, succession, marriage, death, and extinction!!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Glanville Family. By a Lady of Rank. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

A FASHIONABLE novel, which is as good and no better, and as bad and no worse, than the usual run of this class of books. Three or four families are introduced, between whom the interest of the story is kept up. A secret is well preserved through the greater portion of the three volumes; the inconvenient people die just at the right time, and the "nice" people are, of course, made happy. The authoress sketches in a lively and pleasant manner, and the Harrison and Beaumont families are evidently real personages; we feel as we read of them and their sayings and doings, that we have met, and do daily meet, hundreds of such. The most clever sketch, is a Mr. Dalrymple; to quote a line, "considered, without exception, the most tiresome young man."

Mr. Bolland is, also, though rather an exaggerated portrait, acutely painted. Upon the whole, take these volumes for all in all, they are light and agreeable, and may well beguile an idle or a weary hour in the world for which they are written.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association, which is appointed to assemble at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on Monday, the 20th of August, bids fair to be a meeting of great interest. *Inter alia*, the following intimation has been issued, and will, we trust, lead to a new feature of considerable importance.

"Exhibition of Models, Philosophical Instruments, and Products of Natural Industry.—It is a subject of regret to many that the facilities afforded by the meetings of the British Association for an exhibition of models, &c., have not hitherto been generally known or properly appreciated. The general Committee of the Association appointed for this purpose, in conjunction with the Local Committee in Newcastle, beg leave, therefore, to call your attention to the opportunity afforded by the meeting together of the most eminent men of science, from all parts of the kingdom, for making known the merits of inventions, the excellence of instruments, and the value of the products of industry in general, and to invite you to avail yourself of this opportunity.

"Philosophical instruments, models of inventions, of improvements in machinery, of new applications of the mechanical powers, of workings in mines, &c.; products of national industry, new, rare, remarkable in any respect, or exhibiting the progress of any department of the arts, or of the application of scientific principles to their improvement; illustrations of the rise of new arts from new discoveries in science; remarkable natural and artificial productions, especially such as are likely to be of use in the arts; interesting geological sections, &c., are among the objects it is desirable to exhibit. An accurate description, pointing out especially what is considered new or remarkable in it, should accompany each specimen. Convenient rooms are provided for their reception; and if the owners are not themselves present at the meeting, the articles will be returned as may be directed.

"Packages are to be addressed (carriage paid) to the local Secretaries, at the Rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, and should arrive on or before Friday, the 10th of August.

"This Exhibition will consist of Two Parts.

"I.—Specimens connected with the Arts and the Development of National Industry.

"A. LOCAL.—Articles, manufactured in the district, shewing the nature of the products of local industry; the present state of the manufactures;

specimens illustrating the improvement or progress of the several branches.

"B. GENERAL.—Products of industry from all parts of the kingdom; specimens illustrating the different steps from the raw material to the finished article.

"Raw materials of a less common kind, which are or may be applied to useful purposes in the arts; which are used or abundantly produced, or may be so, either at home or abroad, and are susceptible of beneficial application to industrial purposes.

"II.—Mechanical and Philosophical.

"A. Models of machines, or parts of machines, old, new, or improved; or illustrating the gradual progress of invention.

"Models of workings in mines.

"B. Philosophical instruments, new, nicely adjusted, or for the purpose of comparison.

"Remarkable minerals; interesting geological sections; fossils; rare or curious specimens in any of the branches of natural history."

We understand that the plan of arrangements for the meetings of the sections, &c., exhibited at Liverpool, has undergone considerable alteration; but that the *localities* will all be very convenient and sufficient. Six hundred members have already been enrolled at Newcastle, and the subscriptions to their local fund amount to no less than 2300*l.* It is, we understand, proposed to admit *ladies* to two of the more popular Sections; and where room will be provided for their accommodation. The evening promenades for three evenings will also afford them opportunities for witnessing and enjoying the proceedings of the *savans*; and space for a thousand of the sex is to be preserved for them on these occasions,—six hundred being set apart for the fair dames of Durham and Northumberland, and four hundred for their stranger visitors.

The London folks, we hear, go directly by steam-vessels, or by way of Liverpool and Carlisle, for the sake of seeing the fine intervening country, and some of its *lions*.

FINE ARTS.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

SINCE we offered some remarks on this subject, there has been so much newspaper clamour respecting it, that the committee and its noble chairman have deemed it necessary to promulgate a plain statement of their proceedings, in order to disabuse the public of the misrepresentations so loudly and inveterately persisted in. To certain selections which we add to this notice in our columns, we wish to prefix a few observations of our own.

With all due respect for newspaper critics, we are too much behind the scene to consider them much higher authorities on matters of taste, than any well-informed noblemen or gentlemen, who have not the advantage of expressing their opinions anonymously. We are, therefore, *prima facie*, as much inclined to defer to the judgment of those who have appointed Mr. Wyatt, as to the judgment of those who impugn their selection of that artist; and we consider it no slight testimony to his merits that he should have secured patronage and friendships of so elevated a character. And this would be the impression on our mind, were we to look at the question simply as one of unbiased and disinterested comparison; for it is beyond credibility, that the highly intelligent and highly exalted men who made this decision could have any sinister object in view. But can we, with common sense and a common knowledge of life to guide us, entertain the same belief in the motives of those who have not only opposed, but absolutely reviled them, whilst they indulged in the fitting accompaniment of calling Mr. Wyatt nick-names, and throwing as much ridicule as they could invent over his productions in art? No; it is palpable to the meanest capacity, that these objections

are neither dictated by public spirit, nor raised on public grounds; but spring from private feelings, which do small honour to the parties concerned, whoever they may be.

There is nothing in the world so easy as to find fault. To find fault with the base design of supplanting another, is an addition of turpitude to folly. We do not believe that any one eminent sculptor in Britain would now accept the commission for the Duke of Wellington's Statue, could Mr. Wyatt be decently robbed of it, and the offer made to another. Men of genius are not mercenary and greedy contractors, to run down and undervalue their compatriots in order to deprive them of works fairly and openly entrusted to their talent and ability. No such chandler competition can exist in any breast truly devoted to the cultivation of the Fine Arts, which are noble, generous, and exalting. Sir Francis Chantrey's name, for example, has been much (and we think it must be most annoyingly to him) introduced into the discussions to which we refer; but if we are rightly informed, Sir F. Chantrey with the City statue of the same illustrious person to execute, has declared that he would not undertake the second were he desired to do so. How, indeed, could he, without exposing himself to the charge of unworthy grasping; and, in a case, too, where the effect would be to exclude that honourable rivalry which every artist, ambitious of fame, solicits as his noblest stimulus, and every liberal lover of art demands to destroy monopoly where monopoly would be most injurious? Sir R. Westmacott, also, as we have reason to know, has stated that he could not accept an employment if torn, as this has been endeavoured to be torn, from another; and Mr. Bailey (in the true spirit of one than whom English sculpture boasts no superior ornament) not only declares his unqualified admiration of Mr. Wyatt's much-abused monuments, but his hearty satisfaction at his having another opportunity afforded him to shew how well he is entitled to compete with the best equestrian sculpture that ever existed. There are other great and distinguished men of our native school; for we have Campbell, and Gibson, and Lough, and Macdonald, and McDowell, and Behnes, &c. &c.; but, can any one imagine that such individuals as these would disgrace themselves by undertaking a work of which a brother artist had been deprived by the grossest hostility? We do not believe so lowly of English art: we will not place it beneath the trading principles of retail peddling and rival cheap goods "establishments." What then is all the hubbub to disparage the St. George's splendid horse; Lord Dudley's unequalled god; the touching figure of the Duchess of Rutland, at Belvoir; the Princess Charlotte's deeply affecting tomb, at Windsor; the statue of her revered Grandfather, and all the other performances from the same mind and hand? It does seem to be very pitiful spite; so pitiful, that we cannot help wondering at the degree of perseverance and energy which is furnished for its maintenance. We will not enter upon a defence of Mr. Wyatt's imputed offences. Like most people who have lived for years in grateful communion with the productions of ancient and modern times, and felt their beauties and encouraged their self-refinement, we entertain our own ideas on subjects of sculpture, painting, and the sister arts; and yet we can tolerate those who differ from us. With those who hold that the ascending spirit of the Princess Charlotte should not bear a corporeal semblance, but be an incorporeal and (for aught we can

comprehend of their argument) an invisible marble, we wish not to contend—it is opinion. With those who denounce the unfortunate *quest* of George the Third, we will bandy no ridicule, but lament that his majesty actually wore so offensive an appendage; and as to whether his likeness ought or ought not to possess it—it is nothing but opinion. With those who object to his horse, that if it moved one step further it would o'erleap the pedestal, we will not argue that brass horses never do advance, and that there is not one equestrian specimen existing in which the animal is at a dead stand-still—it is all opinion. There is not a single work of art in the world which may not be assailed by similar and equally just caricature. Sir Pigtail Wyatt is, no doubt, extremely funny; but is it more fair than to take, for instance, Chantrey's grand statue of Sir Thomas Monro, with the point of his sword resting on his sandalled foot, and designate our eminent sculptor Sir Stickfoot Chantrey? May not Westmacott's natural and imposing statue of Canning, with equal wit, be mocked for standing bald and uncovered in the sun and rain; just as his "magnificent green man" was exposed to the shafts of every puny whistler of the press? For the sake of our native arts and country, we trust we shall hear no more of the party work in this concern. The matter is fixed and determined, and let the artist be encouraged to exert his utmost faculties upon the design, to render it worthy of the occasion. No honest man would take it from him, any more than a portrait painter, hearing that another was engaged to paint an individual, would go (or, meaner yet, get others to go) to him, and say that person cannot paint your likeness so well as I (Tom O'Styles!) can; pray discharge Monsieur Pigtail, and give me the job. Who would be agent in so shabby a business, and who would be biassed or bullied by such foul agency, if employed to work upon their weakness or fears?

Are they lovers of the arts or their country's glories, who would rather even mar a subscription for one of her greatest heroes than fail in carrying a favourite object?

A letter to Lord Melbourne from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of June 20th, has appeared in the newspapers, in which, among other matters, he refers to the government condition, that the committee "should lay before the lords of the treasury a plan of what is intended to be done, for their approbation, before the work is actually commenced," and adds,

"You are aware that this condition is one not solely applied to this case, but has been introduced on other occasions, more especially in reference to the grant of a site for the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. I think that his grace the Duke of Rutland should be requested to bring this part of your correspondence distinctly under the notice of the committee; and that, in order to prevent future mistakes, you should be in possession of their official reply and assent to this indispensable condition."

"Without an admission of this engagement, her Majesty's government might, by possibility, be made responsible for the erection of a work thought to be unworthy of the great man, whose services it is intended to commemorate, and of the state of the arts in our time."

Mr. Rice thinks public competition preferable; and ought to be adopted, by a *nullification* of its own act, by the committee; and adds,

"If, on the contrary, the first resolutions of the committee are adhered to, I think the

treasury must require that any model submitted to them should be publicly exhibited, in order that the general criticism of artists, and of the world, should be pronounced before the approbation of the government is signified."

As this letter has been answered by Mr. Croker, we shall only remark that the last opinion astonishes us. If the committee cannot judge, and the treasury cannot judge; if in small bodies there can be no agreement, it does strike us as a curious amendment to call in all the artists and all the world to come to a common consent upon this knotty point. We should have thought that the thousand different sentiments and reclamations engendered by the Exhibition of the Parliamentary House Plans (upon which hardly three people could be got to agree) would have sickened the chancellor of the exchequer of such an experiment, even if he had forgotten the classic story of the painter, who pleased every body and nobody. But we give Mr. Croker's letter:—

(Private.) "West Molesey, Surrey, June 22.

"My dear Rice,—Though your letter, which has reached me only this evening, is *quasi exprobratio*, I receive it with great pleasure, as a proof of the interest which you take (both individually and as a member of her majesty's government) in the Wellington memorial. I am flattered also to find that you do me the justice of thinking that I desire sincerely, and, to the best of my judgment impartially, to do the best I can, in my narrow sphere, towards our common object—the honour of our country—an expression which includes all the various aspects of the affair.

"As you have had the kindness to address me particularly on the subject, I know not that I can better respond to your appeal than by telling you my own share in the proceedings.

"I never saw or had any communication with Mr. Wyatt till after his nomination, when, in common with my colleagues of the sub-committee, I saw him (I think on Saturday last) in Mr. Burton's room. I will even confess that I had originally entertained an opinion—a prejudice (perhaps)—against Mr. Wyatt, from an apprehension, which seems to have reached others as it did me, that some undue favour was intended for him; and I entered the committee with a resolution expressed to (amongst others) Sir Robert Peel, that if I found any thing like a job, I would do my best to defeat it.

"At the first meeting I attended of the committee, I found a series of resolutions had been prepared, as is, I believe, usual in such cases, and indeed convenient, when people mean to get through business. These resolutions went progressively through the whole subject down to the nomination of the artist; but I must say that there did not appear the slightest desire of thrusting them on the committee, and I believe that every one of them was, in the course of discussion, amended and altered, and that for the nomination of the artist was (upon my own suggestion) omitted, and nothing was done but to fix the general character of the memorial (namely—an equestrian statue), and to vote a dutiful petition to the queen, and an application to her majesty's government, for permission to place such a statue on the Green Park arch. If this latter point had not been conceded, I for one should have considered the whole question as quite open, as I was by no means decided in favour of an equestrian statue abstractedly from the particular position.

"Here, perhaps, I ought to acquaint you that I was, I believe, the first person who thought of an equestrian statue on the arch;

and having done so, I communicated privately with the government architect, Mr. Burton, to know whether the arch would bear the necessary weight; and finding his answer favourable, I requested him to prepare, under my suggestions, a sketch of the arch surmounted by a statue, which I submitted to the committee, not with the presumptuous folly of attempting to offer a design of my own for the memorial, but merely to shew that the arch seemed well fitted for a superstructure of that general character.

"Upon this sketch I had no communication with Mr. Wyatt (whom I had never seen), nor was the design shewn, till produced to the committee, to any individual, except two noble friends, whom I thought likely to take a general interest in the matter, though they were not of the committee, nor even subscribers to the memorial.

"As soon as it was understood that the Queen would be advised to sanction the proposal submitted to her Majesty, I began to direct my own thoughts to the eventual choice of the artist; and I visited, and examined with all the care of which I was capable, all the public monuments of the metropolis (still without any communication with any person whatsoever), in order to satisfy my own judgment; and I came to an opinion, erroneous, perhaps, in point of taste, but most sincere and unbiassed—namely, against my original bias—that the artist of George the Third, in Pall Mall, must be fully adequate to any similar work. I thought the human figure the most exact portrait, and the horse the most spirited and real that I had seen in statuary. You will easily believe that what has since passed has caused me to re-consider that opinion with my best attention, and I must say that it remains unchanged.

"Upon this opinion I acquiesced in the selection of Mr. Wyatt. I say acquiesced, because, though I adopt the whole responsibility of my colleagues, the fact is, that I took no part in the suggestion or nomination, and was, to the last moment, open to any other proposition which I might have thought preferable.

"This opinion as to the pig-tail statue in Pall Mall may be my condemnation in point of taste; but it is my justification in point of duty. We were warned by the ancient proverb of the uncertainty of men's tastes, and I will not contend for the correctness, and still less for the infallibility, of mine; but, until I shall be better informed, I have no other guide, and by that I must direct myself in the execution of the duty confided to me.

"But there were many collateral reasons which confirmed my opinion; some mentioned in the discussion at the committee; others which occurred to my own mind: these are rather matters of detail, which could not be so well explained in the compass of a letter; but I will, if you allow me, have great pleasure in waiting on you any day (except next Monday, and, of course, Thursday), at any hour you may be able to receive me, and I will endeavour to explain to you the process of facts and reasoning by which I have been self-converted as to the propriety of selecting Mr. Wyatt.

"One of these points, however, is so particularly alluded to in your letter, that even now I cannot forbear from offering you my reasons—namely, that of having provided by selection rather than by competition; and I feel it more necessary to do so, because having, as a member of the Nelson monument committee, concurred in a principle of competition which you seem to approve, I have, as a member of the Wellington

committee, concurred in the principle of selection which you so strongly disapprove. Now, I think I can shew you that there is no inconsistency in my course, and that competition, even if it produce any good result in the Nelson case, which is still problematical, would not have the same chances as to the Wellington memorial.

"The nature of the Nelson monument is altogether undecided—an edifice—a statue—a column—a fountain—an allegorical group, have been all talked of, and the space is so great as to afford vast room for invention. Here competition might be expected to produce some good by bringing a variety of artists and of designs into the field; but when it had been settled, as data, that the Wellington memorial was to be an equestrian statue, on a particular arch, the question was narrowed to the single point—who, on the whole, was the fittest person to make such a statue? I think you will find, on inquiry, that none of our great artists would have entered into any such competition; at least, so it was stated in the committee, and I believe truly.

"It is not my business to discuss whether such a reserve on their parts be right or wrong, though I think that when the character of the work is thus predetermined they are right; but depend upon it the fact is so; and see where the principle of competition in such a case would lead us. Take one instance. Is likeness to be any ingredient of the statue of the hero whose person is to be thus perpetuated? No doubt, else it would be a statue to let; then, is the Duke of Wellington to be invited to sit to a hundred artists of all classes, in order to ascertain which of them may happen to combine the greatest power of portrait with the noblest taste of general design? I am satisfied that you will, on consideration, see that the popular, but too often misunderstood, principle of competition cannot be applicable to such a case.

"I make no observation on the hint in your letter to Lord Melbourne, of the course which the treasury may adopt if the committee 'shall adhere' to its nomination. My colleagues of the sub-committee well know that no one carries higher than I do the right, nay, the duty, of the government to see that the memorial proposed to be erected on the arch shall be worthy of that distinguished position; but that right surely cannot extend to a veto on any individual artist. That, however, is no part of my present concern. You will act, when the design shall be presented to you, on your official responsibility; all I ask for the sub-committee is, to be allowed to act freely on ours in preparing the design. Let each party do its proper duty; and pray do not prejudice the sub-committee so unfavourably as to suppose that we are likely to offer you some monstrous absurdity. We have decided that Mr. Wyatt shall prepare a design; why should you presuppose that his design must be wholly ineligible? or, if your knowledge of Mr. Wyatt and his works should lead you to form such an apprehension, why should you further presuppose that a committee of gentlemen (of the taste of some of whom, at least, you have a favourable opinion) would adopt such a design? We are not bound to accept whatever the artist may offer. Any such necessity was carefully guarded against both in the terms of our resolutions and by myself distinctly in words with the assent of my colleagues. I think myself, therefore, justified in requesting you not to prejudice a question which is not yet presented to you, nor, by anticipating your own official responsibility, to interfere with ours.

"With this general suggestion, and a repeti-

tion of my desire to explain myself more fully in a conversation with you, I conclude by assuring you that personally I have not the slightest interest in Mr. Wyatt, and that you cannot be more anxious than I am that (all temporary feelings and prejudices apart) we should, in our different stations and degrees of responsibility, concur in effecting the object confided to us—the honour of the Duke of Wellington individually, and of the nation at large.

"As you say that you have communicated your letter to some other members of the sub-committee, I suppose I am at liberty to acquaint them with this my reply.—I remain, my dear Rice, very sincerely yours,

"J. W. CROKER.

"You will receive herewith the original sketch which I mentioned. When you shall have done with it I would beg of you to return it to Mr. Burton, at No. 6 Spring Gardens."

Since writing this, we observe in the "Times" of yesterday, which unfortunately has no room for statements in answer to its violent tirades against the committee and Mr. Wyatt (for which it has found a very extraordinary quantity of space), an exhortation to the queen not to pay her subscription, and a hint to other subscribers to find in the existing differences, which it has raised and fanned, an excuse for keeping their money. But we hardly think so unparalleled a suggestion will be acted upon, either by the sovereign or any gentleman in her dominions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Engraved by A. R. Freebairn from a Model by Henry Weigall. Mosley.

A Salver. Designed and executed by Jean Goujon; engraved by A. R. Freebairn.

This portrait of his grace is a capital likeness, telling, perhaps, a little too much truth about his age; but this, in a public character, ought to be told; and we hope that many prints of the veteran may yet be published, marking health and vigour to fourscore years and upwards.

We give Mr. Weigall credit for the taste with which he has employed a simple wreath of oak, and the adoption of the Waterloo medal, as the ornaments to this medallion, which has been beautifully ruled and executed by Mr. Freebairn.

The salver is a very elaborate and rich work of chasing, representing the Virtues, the Quarters of the World, &c., with appropriate emblems and beautiful arabesques; it is nineteen inches in diameter. So perfectly is the effect of the forms of the dish given, that the observer feels it difficult to believe that the paper is not embossed. The print offers a curious *deceptio visus*: it is, as is well known, a representation of a relief on a plane surface; yet, if it be so placed on the floor or a table that the parts seemingly in intaglio, and others in cameo, represent the actual relief of the dish, in relation to the direction of light in the room, on the print being turned half round, to reverse the situation of the lights, all that was in cameo becomes intaglio, and *vice versa*. These beautiful prints, produced by Bates's patent anaglyphograph, not only raise the character of this class of mechanical art, but, in the instance of the salver, accomplishes the production of a print, far exceeding in magnitude any previous work of the class. Without the aid of Bates's machine, for the engraving, it would be utterly impossible for the most skilful artist that ever

* He was one of the victims of fanaticism in the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

lived to give these extraordinary effects and representations of *vraisemblance*. This beautiful salver is the property of George Vivian, Esq., whose taste and skill in Art are well known, and he deserves great credit for his confidence in an English artist and English means of giving this beautiful work to the world, at a time when the patronage of English art is unfashionable among certain self-elected dilettanti, and when such unpatriotic prejudice cannot be entirely removed, even by the clearest proofs of the infinite superiority of our countrymen.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY HEART'S WITH THE QUEEN.

My hope is with old England—my heart is with my Queen,
[to each scene,
Whose name, like some enchantment, lends new gladness
Bend, peers of Britain, to the throne, and pay the homage due,— [as true;
The soul of England's peasantry, unbending, glows
There's not a swain that tills the plain, nor nymph
that trips the green,
But says—"My hope's with England, my heart is
with my Queen!"

Come with thine ink of roses, thy pen of angels' wing—
Come, History, date Victoria's deeds, for *aftertime* to sing:
The dove upon the lion's mane—the rose around the oak— [broke.
The lily, o'er whose ocean reign, no storm as yet hath
Rejoice ye gallant mariners—where'er the flag hath been,
Your hope was with old England—your hearts were with
your Queen!

Yes, sing, thou little lisper—flower of thy mother's knee,
Victoria, though thou reck'st not why, seems melody
to thee.

Turn, Love, to music turn thy strings, thy quiver cast
aside, [wide;
Thy bow and useless arrows now go scatter wild and
For here no rebel bloodstains beat but for one virgin mien.
And she's the hope of England—*All hearts are with their
Queen.* C. SWAIN.

SKETCHES.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

OUR worthy friend, the "Courier," has we understand, good-humouredly contradicted the statement in the *Literary Gazette*, that one of the magnetic Patients in the London University Hospital had exposed the foolery of Mesmerism, and been, in consequence, unceremoniously turned out of that institution; and as we wish to preserve our long-established character for care in investigating facts, and veracity in communicating them to our readers, we have made some further inquiries into this subject. The books of the hospital are open to the public, and among a number of cases in which the absurd experiments of Mesmerism (for such is the appellation used here) have been permitted, we find that of a certain Ann Ross, aged 23, and epileptic, who was entered a patient on the 1st of May. This being holiday time, when doctors as well as other people, we fancy, like to amuse themselves, she was forthwith dieted upon half-an-hour's *passes* every day. Well, this discipline was so effectual that, after five days' administration, she got sleepy, and thence, from day to day, improved in drowsiness under the operator, flames flashing in her eyes, and other droll symptoms occurring before they were sealed in somnambulism!

By the 23rd of May, as is recorded in the hospital books, the operator sent her to sleep by *merely looking at her!!* On the 26th, sleep was produced in a few seconds; and by the 4th of June, so entirely susceptible was she of his influence, that when he only *blew in her eyes* she became insensible to pinching and other gentle arts, and walked about in a state of utter unconsciousness. Never was a finer example of the powers of Mesmerism: and Ann Ross bid fair to be as famous in medicine as the Man of Ross in morals. June 18th, she attained another and transcendental step in the mysteries

produced by this science; for an angel appeared to her with wings like a dove, and clothed in a flowing robe of white, who had the condescension to inform her that she would be cured in three months, but added one rather curious condition, viz.: that she should have a particular molar tooth extracted within twenty-four hours of this very kind angelic communication. The celestial Messenger further announced that he would do himself the pleasure of calling again in seven days: to see, we suppose, how things were going on, so that he might report progress to the rest of the College of Angels engaged in Mesmeric studies and cures. Be that as it may, his advice was taken; Miss Ross was put to sleep, and, in less than the prescribed twenty-four hours, her molar had left her mouth, and was lying on the table, without her having felt the slightest pain in its extraction. This seems to have been extremely satisfactory to the Angel Prophet, for he called again on the 25th much sooner than he promised, and told Miss Ross what answers she was to give to certain questions which would be propounded to her. He also mentioned, *en passant*, that her next fit of epilepsy was fixed for Sunday week; and that she could now "be Mesmerised through a wall or door." But, as if he were an agent of Cartwright's, the cruel monitor again imposed the loss of a tooth—within forty-eight hours; which tooth was, like its predecessor, pulled accordingly the next day; the lady being fast in the arms of Mesmer-Morpheus, Esquire, and as insensible to the tug as if she had been a log of mahogany. N.B. When angels come their prescriptions are always punctually followed in magnetic cases.

July 1st was a day of disappointment, or, being Sunday, we may call it a *dies non*, for the prophesied fit did not take place; and, from what follows, it would appear as if the doctors were obliged to call in *other assistance* to work out the farce. One of the Miss Okeys was therefore brought on the stage; and she predicted that Ann Ross should go into so peculiar a sleep, that nobody should be able to wake her (not in the Irish sense, but in the Saxon, "wake—awaken—woken, &c. &c.") but the physician's clerk. Somnambulism was accordingly induced, but the pupils played a trick, and pretended that one of their number blew in her eyes when in this state; though it was actually Dr. Elliotson's, Okey-predetermined clerk, who did it; and the deceived Ann Ross did not awake.

The bubble now burst. On the 4th of July, after many acts of similar mummery and folly, with Okey's predictions about Ross's eyes being blown into (to throw dust, as it were, into the eyes of the spectators), her nose pinched, and her ears boxed, the said Ann, perplexed by the students' rogueries, failed to fulfil the prophecies, and confessed that her whole course had been one of imposture and imposition. She had been made drowsy by the monotonous see-saw of the antic performances to which she was subjected, but had never slept a single wink!!! So flagrant a resistance to the influences of the magnetic fluid was unpardonable; and the patient was sent about her business, minus two curious teeth, with her nose pinched blue, and a flea in her ear.

Let not the public think we have misrepresented or coloured this case. It is faithfully copied, with its minute absurdities and insane speculations, from the books of the hospital, where all these, and grosser extravagances, are gravely recorded. The sooner they cease to be so, the better will it be for the character of the establishment; and we regret to see a charity

where some of the greatest triumphs of the medical and surgical profession are almost daily achieved by the ablest men, thus exposed to ridicule from the continued pursuit of one of the most quackish humbugs that ever offended the common sense of mankind. It is full time that Miss Okey, senior, who has been above twelve months, well clad and cared for, within its walls, should be discharged cured; and that her sister, the junior practitioner in Mesmerism, should go likewise. The monstrous tricks of these now experienced actors, and the attention paid to them, are absolutely incredible, did we not witness the unlimited extent to which credulity and weakness, if nothing more censurable, can lead those who adopt any fanatical or irrational hypothesis. Of late, this elder Okey has pretended that she could discern objects with the back of her left hand, and the upper portion of her left foot!! The learned Mesmerists declare that this is a sixth sense. It does not, however, bear the test of perfection; for, though Okey does comb and dress her hair by the sight of her left foot, she blundered utterly when, being blinded, she was tried with bread and butter visible to the back of her left hand. The pupils again played tricks, said one thing, and did another; so that, when this new sleight of hand was to be exhibited, she was misled, and grasped at nothing every time she fancied she had the prize at her finger ends. It had been snatched away before she made a snatch at it; and this piece of humbug fell to the ground.

Having thus proved that what we stated was only short of the truth, and that this mountebank work ought to be discontinued, unless persevered in to excite the laughter and contempt of the world, we shall add a few words on the subject, and first an anecdote appositely corroborative of these hospital impostures. A noble lord, not easily put to sleep, went on Tuesday week to examine the Baron Dupotet's operations, and submitted to his passes and gesticulations without experiencing the slightest effect, as was obvious from his laying his fore finger curiously upon his nose, instead of dosing off as desired by the operator. In short, he was wide awake—more so than even Wakley of the *Lancet*; and the foiled baron turned to another trick. He assured his lordship that if he, Dupotet, magnetised a hat, it would put a child asleep by simply being waved before its face by any other person. The hat was magnetised; and, in three or four waves, the dear child went off (as mothers say) like a top. But, alas, for the experiment! It was not the magnetised hat, but another! His lordship had diverted the professor's attention for a moment, and dexterously changed the instrument; so that, as it fell out, the well-taught, but insensible infant, was put asleep by a common *chapeau*, not one pile of which was conscious of a magnetic power. So much for hoaxing out of the hospital.

We have not time at present to pursue the matter further. We hear that Dr. Arnott, Mr. Wheatstone, Dr. Grant, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Mayo, and some other persons, have been witnessing experiments in this grand science, in order to test its reality. Is it worth the while of men of sense to do so? Perhaps some of the phenomena are worthy of investigation; but if the investigation allow any other individuals to conduct the cases, or to be present, they will stultify their proceedings, and their conclusions will not be of the value of a rush.

We have heard of the recent follies about metallic Mesmerism; that the property resides

in gold and silver, not in brass or copper, &c.; and thus that Okey is thrown into a fit if her cheek is touched with a gold ring, or her person with a silver watch; but that a brass pan, or a copper kettle, have no effect! The operation of magnetised water, into which if you dip your fingers, you must go soundly to sleep; of magnetised wood, and of magnetised glasses, and all the stuff and nonsense thereunto belonging, after what we have written, deserve no notice; except, possibly, to be classed with the Cat, the last patient of the Mesmeric School, which, like the Okey Pokeys, purrs, shuts its eyes, and drops fast asleep before the shifting digits of the magnetic operator! Oh, enlightened age! Oh, Ann. Dom. 1838!

BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

WE were present on Thursday at one of the most interesting ceremonies it is possible to witness in a humane and Christian country—the laying the foundation stone of a large addition to Bethlem Hospital. It was performed, and in an admirable manner, by the president, Sir Peter Laurie, whose address on the occasion was marked by great good sense, and no less good feeling. He took a historical view of the charity, and, finally, noticed its rapid prosperity in later years, which enabled it to throw open its doors yet more widely to distress, the only passport wanted there, without distinction of creed, country, or colour. The inscription on the stone was as follows, and tells its own gratifying tale.

"The extent of the present building, erected Anno Domini 1813, for the accommodation of One Hundred and Ninety-six Lunatic Patients, being inadequate for the reception of the numerous applicants for relief from all parts of the United Kingdom, the governors of the royal hospital of Bethlem, desirous of supplying this deficiency, and being enabled to do so by a careful administration of the funds confided to their trust, by royal bounty and private beneficence, resolved to erect buildings for the admission of One Hundred and Sixty-six additional Patients, in order to extend those benefits which, under Providence, have hitherto attended the endeavours made to alleviate the calamities of their fellow-creatures."

The singing of the Hundredth Psalm and Hallelujah chorus, by about 150 boys and girls, rescued from the most degraded and (often infamous) condition, and educated and fitted for trades in the Houses of Occupation, attached to these institutions, was peculiarly affecting; and a prayer by Mr. Garrett, the chaplain, and a blessing pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, added much solemnity to the religious portion of the ceremony. The whole concluded with a handsome *déjeuner* given under a marquee, for six hundred persons; and rendered nationally important by a speech from Mr. Stevenson, the American minister, on his health being proposed by Sir Peter Laurie, in which he declared that the great object of his mission, and of his country's policy, was to cultivate the closest friendship with Great Britain—the mother and the daughter of the same glorious race. The chairman's health was also toasted with deserved honours.

DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Monday, Mr. Macready commenced his engagement at this house, in Ben Jonson's revived comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*. His *Kittely* is excellent, though one of the least important characters we have seen him perform. In truth, as we think the comedy not likely to create much interest in the present day, we will only slightly criticise the performance of it by the clever company at the Haymarket. Next to *Kittely*, the *Master Stephen* of Mr. Hill struck us as being studied

and faithful, quiet and unobtrusive; but, nevertheless, true to nature. We never, for a moment, lost sight of the obstinate fool. Webster's *Captain Bobadil* is very fair, but not striking; and so is Mr. Buckstone's *Master Mathew*. Miss Taylor has nothing to do as *Dame Kately*; ditto Miss Gallot. Mr. Perkins is too noisy and melodramatic in *Downright*; and Mr. Strickland not quite at home in *Brainworm*. We perceive, by the numerous announcements, that the comedy will soon be eclipsed; meantime, there are many who remember it a favourite play long ago, and will go to see it again, once more, for recollection sake.—*New Notions*, a new farce by Mr. Bernard, is exceedingly laughable. Mr. Hill, in another Yankee part, is very droll; and each of his new notions more ludicrous than another.

St. James's Theatre.—Several weeks since we spoke of the rehearsal of Lord Burghersh's opera (*Il Torneo*). We were much pleased with it as then executed by the Royal Academy pupils, without the advantages of scenery, theatrical dress, brilliant light, &c. &c.; for these are advantages, where, however pleasant the music alone may be, something to turn to for a moment's relief from fixed attention, is almost absolutely necessary. On Friday, by "special license," at Mr. Braham's beautiful little theatre, music and acting were united, to the great satisfaction of a very fashionable party, most of whom were the noble composer's friends. As we before said, the music is of a most agreeable character, decidedly original, and abounding in sweet airs, several of which are certain of becoming favourites in the boudoir and drawing-room. Mrs. Bishop, Miss Wyndham, Signor Ivanoff, Mr. Stretton, and the pupils of the Royal Academy, were, as at the rehearsal, the able executors of the opera.

VARIETIES.

Mnemonics.—In a former *Gazette* (16th June) we stated, that we had been much amused and astonished by the success of a system of mnemonics, in the instance of a youth named Gustavus Adolphe Basslé. On Saturday last, he lectured to a very numerous audience in the theatre of the Royal Institution, and submitted to them programmes containing, in the whole, answers to upwards of twenty thousand questions, by which each individual present could be satisfied of the correctness of Basslé's replies, and the extraordinary accuracy of his mnemonic system. The questions in history, geography, cosmography, mythology, chemistry, natural history, inventions and discoveries, natural philosophy, &c., were put to him by the visitors, in English, French, and German; however rapid, however varied, he evinced no hesitation, no confusion, his answers were wonderfully prompt and correct; questioned and cross-questioned, no crooked answer was elicited; and the most scrupulous, the most incredulous auditor, must have been satisfied of the efficacy of his system. We mention the following merely to shew the extent of the mechanical, methodical memory which had been acquired by Master Basslé, aged twelve years, and may be acquired by any one. He named the day of the week on which fell the 1st January, from the commencement of the Christian era till the adoption of the Gregorian calendar; the same from that time till the year 2400, or to the most remote period; and the same for any day of the month, in any year, whether common or bissextile. He repeated the numbers, denoting the proportion of the circumference to the diameter, to the 154th place of decimals, backwards, forwards, or in

any order; and gave the figure occupying any place, taken at random.

Euphrates Expedition.—Accounts from Lieut. Lynch, as stated by Sir John Hobhouse in the House of Commons, mention, that the expedition left Bussorah on the 17th of May, and reached Hit, a distance of about 500 miles, in 120 hours; that he had found no particular difficulty in passing the Lumlum marshes, nor encountered the slightest opposition from the Arabs. Lieut. Lynch added, that he intended to continue his ascent the next day (May 31), and had little doubt of proceeding as high up the river as Beles, the nearest point to the great commercial mart of Aleppo, by which exploit the original intention and object of the Euphrates expedition, so far as the question of the navigation of that great river is concerned, would be completely accomplished. The steamer, in addition to a large supply of fuel, had the further difficulty of towing the launch of a sloop of war, armed with a twelve-pound carronade; but, even with this impediment, advanced from four to five miles an hour against a rapid stream.

H.B.s.—Achilles must become a generic name for clever and witty caricatures. Here are four more, Nos. 548 to 552, and all of them very humorous and amusing versions of incidents of the day. "Im: Patience in a Pun," commemorates a coronation anecdote of Lord Brougham, who went to a pond near Uxbridge, on that grand day, instead of Westminster Abbey. His lordship is represented as fishing for gudgeons, but unable to get a bite; attributed, by his companion in the boat, Mr. Charles Phillips, to the "Spread of Useful Knowledge." The next is, "La Belle Alliance." Wellington introducing Soult and Lord Hill. The old French marshal saying, "Je vous rencontre enfin, moi, qui ai couru si long-temps après vous," at which salutation both duke and lord look unutterable things. "Jonah thrown overboard," the third; a capital version of the Lords' debate on the question of Sardinian vessels, and the blockade of the Spanish coasts. New characters are introduced; and, prominently, the first lord of the admiralty, the Jonah, being pitched over, relentlessly, by Lord Melbourne, Lord Duncannon, &c. &c. Lord John is a boat-boy on the high and giddy mast. But "Dry Nurses" is, perhaps, the best of the whole quartet. Peel, as a nurse, with Lord John in arms, protesting against the burden of supporting so troublesome a child in this hot weather. Lord Melbourne, a boy, led by his mammy, Wellington, and claiming protection from two blackguard elfs, Lyndhurst and Brougham, who are again throwing dirt at him. Wellington says, "Take hold of me, my dear, and don't mind them."

Mr. Sully's Portrait of her Majesty.—Reverting to this portrait, a half-length, for which her Majesty, at the especial request of the municipal authorities of the City of Washington (which it is intended to adorn), has been graciously pleased to sit to Mr. T. Sully, we may add, that the artist has evidently formed himself on the model of the English school,—a school which, as far, at least, as portrait goes, has certainly no living rival. The head is well and carefully painted. But we do not quite like the turn of the body; the face being nearly full, and represented as looking at the spectator, while the shoulders and back are, at the same time, broadly displayed. There is, however, high authority for this attitude in the well-known picture of "Titian's Daughter."

The International Copyright Bill has passed

in the Lords, and only waits the royal assent to become the law of the land.

Encke's Comet.—This comet, which completes its revolution in 1200 days, will be visible in the ensuing autumn. It will be in its perihelion, or part of its orbit nearest the sun, on the 15th of December, and about the same period it will, also, be nearest the earth. It is (says M. Arago) a vast nebulosity, 64,000 times larger in volume than the earth; yet, such is the tenuity of its substance, that, in 1795, Sir William Herschel was able to discern through its mass a star of the 20th magnitude.—*Newspapers*.

Improvements on the Danube, &c.—During the summer months, immense exertions have been made in carrying on the works of the Danube and Maine Canal. Many bridges have been built, and the banks so far extended, that it is expected the whole excavations will be completed by the end of the year.

Sir Grenville Temple landed from a Turkish frigate at La Vilette, Malta, on the 25th ult. This distinguished British officer proceeds to ancient Carthage, to make some interesting researches.—*Paris and London Advertiser*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion, by A. Keith, D.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—A Treatise on Illumination, by J. Macartney, M.D. with Plates, 4to. 15s.—Decisions of the Courts at Westminster on the new Rules of Pleading, by W. Ramshay, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Letters of Lucius M. Piao, from Palmyra, 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.—New Pocket Guide to London and its Environs, by J. H. Brady, fcap. 7s.—Bible Narrative chronologically arranged, fcap. 7s.—Relics of Elijah the Tishbite, by Dr. F. W. Krummacher, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—A Volume for a Lending Library, by Geo. Davys, D.D. Dean of Chester, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Sermons preached at Trentham, by the Rev. T. Butt, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Breakfast-Table Companion, 32mo. 3s.—The Life of Hannah More, with Notices of her Sisters, by H. Thompson, M.A. post 8vo. 12s.—Historical Tales of the Southern Counties, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, by T. Carlyle, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—R. Montgomery's Satan, 4th edit. 12mo. 9s.—J. Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous, 12mo. 4s.—Travels in Europe, by W. Fisk, D.D. (United States), 8vo. 21s.—Coghlan's Iron Road Book to Liverpool, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Tales of the Great and Brave, fcap. 5s.—Little Frank, and other Tales, 1s. 6d.—The Wife Hunter, and Flora Douglas, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—G. Townsend's Chronological Arrangement of the New Testament, with Notes, 4th edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 50s.—The Stage, its Character and Influence, by Dr. Styles, 4th edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Hannam's Pulpit Assistant, new edition, 8vo. 12s.—Observations on Mad-Houses, by C. Crowther, M.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—J. Sawyer on the Cultivation of the British Oak, 8vo. 6s.—J. Dickie's List of Flowering Plants of Aberdeen, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Complete Treatise on Land Surveying, by T. Holliday, 8vo. 10s.—Cobbett's Scripture Proverbs for the Young, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Rev. R. Boys' Elements of Christian Knowledge, 2d edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—New Zealand, during a Residence from 1831 to 1837, by J. S. Polack, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Questions on the Epistles, by the Author of "Bible Stories," 12mo. 2s.—Uncle Oliver's Travels: Persia, Vol. II. 18mo. 4s.—How to Observe: Morals and Manners, by H. Martineau, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Chatham Correspondence, Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 19	From 51 to 75	30.16 — 30.07
Friday... 20	54 — 72	29.96 — 29.94
Saturday... 21	51 — 70	29.94 — 30.00
Sunday... 22	50 — 63	30.06 — 30.08
Monday... 23	49 — 68	30.08 — 29.98
Tuesday... 24	41 — 64	29.98 — 29.91
Wednesday 25	42 — 60	29.93 stationary

Wind, N.W.

Generally clear, except the 23d and two following days, when rain fell.

Rain fallen, .0875 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 58° 37' 32" N.

Longitude... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The first volume of the "Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham" has reached us too late for this week.

"W. M." is referred to Mr. Bethune, 26 Pall Mall, the Secretary of the Friendly Loan Society.

Malvolio received, but not found quite suitable.

The translation of lines of Berger will not do.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Masters, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE ART UNION: A SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS.

The Committee hereby give notice, that the pictures which have been purchased by this Association, from the several Exhibitions of the present season, will be exhibited to the Members and their Friends, at Mr. Rainy's Gallery, No. 14 Regent Street, from Monday, August 6th, to Friday, Aug. 31st, inclusive.

The object of this Society is to cultivate and extend a love of the Fine Arts, and to give encouragement to Artists beyond what is at present afforded by individual amateurs.

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